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UNITY.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY seeks to adjust religion and culture; to make thought worshipful and worship thoughtful; to find a unity beneath conflicting dogmas, a community in all denominations, a sympathy between all religions. It seeks to represent and emphasize the abiding elements of religion—love, justice, truth, worship, practically applied among all men.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE COLEGROVE BOOK CO.,

135 *Wabash Avenue, Chicago.*

$1.50 per Year.

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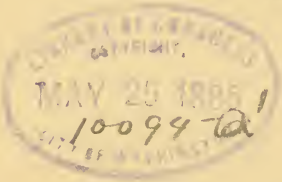
COMPILED BY C. H. K.



CHICAGO
THE COLEGROVE BOOK COMPANY
135 WABASH AVENUE
1885

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CHARLES H. KERR
1885

Soft in my hand is a lyre
Graven deep on a shell ;
One of a mystic choir,
Singing in parable :

"Swing I in the Southern Sea,
"Speak I to the Southern Sun,
"And the Southern Shores with me
"Shout in unison.

"God built me ages ago
"Low in his living creed ;
"Washed by the ebb and the flow,
"Wave and the weed.

"Not to thyself alone,
"Live to the higher call,
"Each is the other's own,
"Lo ! I am all."

JOHN TUNIS.

NOTE.

The poems in the present collection were published in *Unity* between December, 1879, and March, 1885. Thanks are due to the several authors for their kind permission to use their verses in this volume; and the right to republish separate poems is in each case reserved to the author.

In justice to all concerned, the compiler would say that while he has gladly profited by the advice of the editors of *Unity* and others, he is still solely responsible for the selection and arrangement of all contained in the following pages.

"GREEN PASTURES AND STILL WATERS."

Clear in memory's silent reaches
  Lie the pastures I have seen,
Greener than the sun-lit spaces
  Where the May has flung her green :
Needs no sun and needs no star-light
  To illume these fields of mine,
For the glory of dead faces
  Is the sun, the stars, that shine.

More than one I count my pastures
  As my life-path groweth long ;
By their quiet waters straying
  Oft I lay me, and am strong.
And I call each by its giver ;
  And the dear names bring to them
Glory as from shining faces
  In some new Jerusalem.

Yet, O well I can remember,
Once I called my pastures, Pain ;
And their waters were a torrent
Sweeping through my life amain !
Now I call them Peace and Stillness,
Brightness of all Happy Thought,
Where I linger for a blessing
From my faces that are naught.

Naught? I fear not! If the Power
Maketh thus his pastures green,
Maketh thus his quiet waters,
Out of waste his heavens serene,
I can trust the mighty Shepherd
Loseth none he ever led ;
Somewhere yet a greeting waits me
On the faces of my dead !

W. C. Gannett.

THE CREED.

Who ever was begotten by pure love
And came desired and welcome into life
Is of Immaculate Conception. He
Whose heart swells full of tenderness and
trust,
Who loves mankind more than he loves
himself,
And can not find room in his heart for
hate,
May be another Christ: we all may be
The Saviors of the world, if we believe
In the Divinity which dwells in us,
And worship It, and nail our grosser
selves,
Our tempers, greeds, and our unworthy
aims
Upon the cross. Who giveth love to all,

Pays kindness for unkindness, smiles for frowns,
And lends new courage to each fainting heart,
And strengthens hope, and scatters joy abroad,
He, too, is a Redeemer, Son of God.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

FATHER, TO THEE.

Father, to Thee we look in all our sorrow,
Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows;
Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow;
Safely they rest who on thy love repose.

When fond hopes fail, and skies are dark before us,
When the vain cares that vex our life increase,—
Comes with its calm the thought that thou art o'er us,
And we grow quiet, folded in thy peace.

Naught shall affright us on thy goodness leaning,
Low in the heart faith singeth still her song;

Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper
meaning,
And in our weakness thou dost make us
strong.

Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy
sorrows!
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain;
Yet shalt thou praise Him when these
darkened furrows,
Where now He ploweth, wave with
golden grain.

F. L. Hosmer.

AUGUST, 1881.

WAIT ON THE LORD.

Wait on the Lord! Be of good courage and He shall strengthen thy heart. Wait, I say, on the Lord. Psalm xxvii. 14.

Upon the Psalmist's word
A Rabbin's voice is heard
Commenting, saying
To souls praying,
"*Ora,*
Et iterum orā;
Veniet hora
Qua tibi dabitur."

I hear a Master's speech
The same faith teach—
A Master dear to heart,
Standing far apart,
So great, so high above,
And yet with lowly men
Living, in toil and pain,

In meekness and in love.
He saith, "Ask, it shall be given;
Seek, ye shall find in heaven;
Knock, it shall opened be."
But not so sweet to know
The Master's lips have spoken thus or so
As my soul leaps to see
He speaketh like to all the holy men:
And softly comes again,
Like an echo in my ear,
The song of Hebrew seer,
"*Ora,*
Et iterum ora;
Veniet hora
Qua tibi dabitur."

O when the soul is faint,
When visions die,
When life is wrecked upon complaint,
And scattered lie
Hope's arrows—years long,
With purpose strong,
Kept bound within one sheaf—
When pain and loss and grief
Prey on us,
When thought and doubt and love

Weigh on us,
Then hear, all sounds above,
"*Ora,*
Et iterum ora;
Veniet hora
Qua tibi dabitur."

James Vila Blake.

LOYALTY.

When courage fails, and faith burns low,
And men are timid grown,
Hold fast thy loyalty, and know
That Truth still moveth on.

For unseen messengers she hath
To work her will and ways,
And even human scorn and wrath
God turneth to her praise.

She can both meek and lordly be,
In heavenly might secure ;
With her is pledge of victory,
And patience to endure.

The race is not unto the swift,
The battle to the strong,
When dawn her judgment-days that sift
The claims of right and wrong.

And more than thou canst do for Truth
Can she on thee confer,
If thou, O heart, but give thy youth
And manhood unto her.

For she can make thee inly bright,
Thy self-love purge away,
And lead thee in the path whose light
Shines to the perfect day.

Who follow her, though men deride,
In her strength shall be strong;
Shall see their shame become their pride,
And share her triumph-song!

F. L. Hosmer.

"NOT AS I WILL."

With eyes undimmed by mist of tears
I try to pierce the coming years
And read through all the doubts and fears
My onward way.
I see the cross I needs must bear,
So near, that round me all the air
Is heavy with a weight of care,
That clouds the day.

I had a thought that Love divine
Destined this wavering heart of mine
For worship at a nobler shrine
Than self alone;
And evermore the longing grew
For inner life more pure and true—
More joy in duties old and new
Than I had known.

With face turned toward the Perfect Day
I tried to hasten on the way,—
But just before me, cold and grey,
I saw this cross:
It seemed as if my heart stood still,
So dulled with fear were heart and will
By this sick dread and sudden chill
Of bitter loss.

I felt that if I stretched my hand
To take this cross, in all the land
No one more desolate would stand,
More sad than I,—
That all my thoughts of nobler deeds,
Of ministry to others' needs,
Of mental growth, not bound by creeds,
Must faint and die.

To take, not give, must be my lot,
And plans for action all forgot
My life must pass, recorded not
By deeds of good.
I turned aside and would not see
The cross, but strove most earnestly
To make my life as high and free
As mortal could.

Yet all the time a vague unrest
Dwelt in my heart, though unconfessed,
And that strange fear within my breast
Would never cease;—
Till now at last I dimly see
That God has sent this cross to me,
And bearing it all patiently
May bring me peace.

I do not cheat my heart and say,—
"Perhaps this grief may pass away,"
I know in all my life that day
Can never come;
But now I see with eyes more clear
Unnumbered blessings left me here—
These kindly faces, love most dear,
A quiet home.

Perhaps some day I yet may own
That this same cross I bear alone
Has led me in a way unknown
To something higher—
And wonder why, so weak and blind,
I strove against this message kind:
"*Rest* in the Lord, and thou shalt find
Thy heart's desire."

1882. *Emma E. Marean.*

TRUSTING.

High on a bough of the rocking tree
A bird's nest swung, with its fledglings three.
The wind blew high and the wind blew low,
But never their hearts were afraid. Did they know
That not a wayward sparrow should fall
To the earth, but the Father was in it all;
And that their home was as true a part
Of the plan of the universe, fixed and high,
As the stars that shone from the distant sky?
The wind may lay the forest low:
No harm can come to them, they know,
Cradled upon the Over-Heart.

Lily A. Long.

IN THE KING'S NAME.

"In the King's name!" will say
Some day the Shadow grim.
And we all silently
Shall straightway follow him,
Rending the veil away;
"As through a glass" to see
No more, with vision dim.

What shall our eyes behold
When once that veil is lift?
A new Jerusalem
With radiant walls that sift
Heaven's glory through many a gem,
With shining streets of gold
And the angels walking in them?

Or will the heavenly scene
Be such as here we know?—
The heavenly mansions be,
Perchance not all aglow

With gold and glitter and sheen—
But *radiant with love that we*
Have known before—below!

Dear Lord, if this might be!—
That it might be the same
Dear home that in bygone days
Made Earth an Eden below!—
How gladly would I go
When the Shadow with veilèd face
Bade come "In the King's Name!"

Alice Williams Brotherton.

DEATH.

Why should we tremble at the thought of death?
Is living, then, such fair, unblemished bliss,
That with such misery we press the kiss
The last upon the lips that have no breath?

Is living, then, such unalloyed delight,
That when we lay the lifeless form away,
The form that now is naught but senseless clay,
We feel such grief as darkens all the light?

Is life, O heart, a great and priceless boon
That we should lay it down with grief and fear?

Are songs so free from jar and discord
here,
We cannot change them for a heavenly
tune?

Oh! God forgive us for our blind distrust,
Teach us the hardest lesson of our life—
Submission; teach us death ends all the
strife,
And new life springs, like violets, from the
dust.

Fanny Driscoll.

THE OLD QUESTION.

What sign of dumb entreaty lies within
Those pale hands crossed in death;
What answer would those cold mute lips let fall
If given sudden breath ?

What light of wondrous meaning breaks upon
That closely-lidded eye;
What great and untold mystery hides behind
The simple phrase—To die?

Celia P. Woolley.

THE OLD ANSWER TO THE OLD QUESTION.

No sign of dumb entreaty will be seen
When my hands cross in death;
Nor with new breath could I an answer give
More wondrous than this breath.

No light of meaning then will break upon
My closely-lidded eye;
Nor mystery hide behind, more wonderful
Than now before I die.

Friend, I tell thee in thine and every face
Are heavens so endless-vast,
When once to take them in the eye opes wide,
It sweeps before and past.

What things come but are hidden in what
go?
What go, but draw what come?
Food is the rock's heart, light darkles,
song is whist,
And very speech sounds dumb.

James Vila Blake.

MY DEAD.

I cannot think of them as dead
  Who walk with me no more;
Along the path of Life I tread,
  They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair
  Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are his, and here or there,
  Are living unto him.

And still their silent ministry
  Within my heart hath place,
As when on earth they walked with me
  And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine;
  What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
  Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
  Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to Love to keep
  Its own eternally.

F. L. Hosmer.

"AND ENOCH WALKED WITH GOD."

O thou, who in time's morning walked
with God,
Nor heeded that the world-paths crossed
thine own,
Who, listening to the music shed abroad
By that One Voice, heard not the other's
tone
Mocking at him who walked, or seemed
to walk alone—

Tell us, who long to know, what converse
sweet
Fell from your lips, what troubled ques-
tions lay
Answered and clear ere thou couldst
frame them meet,
In that bright light of Truth, the Perfect
Day,
Where tangled problems smooth and solve
themselves away.

Didst know what field-flowers fluttered
'neath the hem
Of thy long garment, or what birds of
song
Circled around thee, or what light wind
came,
Lifting thy locks, the while ye walked
along,
Seen and unseen, the marveling world
among!

Vain questioning! for answer as thou
mightst,
Our ears are holden that we may not hear;
The soul that walks with God upon the
heights
Hath secrets voiceless to the alien ear;
To him who is of God, the things of God
are clear.

Mary W. Plummer.

OUTWARD BOUND.

Ho, vessel outward bound,
Sailing on with never sound
  Of plashing oar or creaking sail!
  Whither art thou going?
Toward the Unknown Shore
Many ships have fared before,
  But no returning gale
  From that land is blowing!

Alas! of any part
Of that ocean there's no chart;
  Unseen hands upon the rudder
  Through the drift and wrack
Guide the vessel on her way,
Underneath this sky of grey;
  And thy Captain with sealed orders
  Sails upon the track.

Mariner, dost thou not fear?
Waves are high and skies are drear.
  Who can tell what unknown danger
  Thy frail bark may whelm?
"Nay, no evil shall betide
Though the sea be deep and wide,
  Hope Divine's my Captain, stranger,
  Faith is at the helm."

"Sealed our orders? But no less
This much of the truth we guess—
  That we seek a port Elysian,
  City of the Blest.
Far beyond this *Outre Mer*
Lies a land surpassing fair,
  Faith hath seen it in rapt vision,
  Men call it Heavenly Rest!"

Alice Williams Brotherton.

THE HEART PRAYER.

Oh God, Thy power and gentleness
Are over all to guide and bless;
In all I know Thy love is shown
But more in that to me unknown.

The gentlest song at close of day
Hath countless echoes deeper far
Than I may hear. But voiceless are
The melodies to Thee most dear.

Day shines in glory, down for me;
But Thou dost know a milder light:
Night's deepest shade is light to Thee.

Clinging upon its mother's breast,
The drowsing infant fondly pressed
Thinks not by studied phrase to bring
Thy spirit's gentle shadowing.

Mysterious whisperings where I go
Speak in the days of good and ill:
Whisperings from Thee. I bow, and grow
Obedient to Thy unknown will.

Oh God, help all to pray! and then
Help most the heart too sore to say,
"Thy will, not mine, be done. Amen."

J. N. Sprigg.

BEFORE THE DAWN.

Dear Lord, I bring to Thee
This life that from Thine own its being drew;
All I have been, all aspirations new,
All I may ever be.

I lay at Thy dear feet
My past, with all its hopes and cares and needs,
Its purposes, that failed like broken reeds,
Its record incomplete.

This tangled web of mine
Wherein I find so little good or fair,
May yet, if trusted to Thy love and care,
Take on a light divine.

The weary sense of wrong,
Which through the long, long night maintained its sway,

Has vanished in the light of breaking
day,
And left instead a song.

And "through the glass" I see
That even my mistakes, my faults and
sins,
Have taught me how Thy comforting be-
gins
And shown the way to Thee.

My future, Lord, I bring—
May it be purified by Thy dear love,
Although the sacred baptism from above
Be one of suffering.

What harm can ever come
To us, who know Thy love can have no
end?
Thou leadest us, an ever-present Friend,
Unto the light of Home.

How all these wrongs we see
Can lead to right, I do not understand;
But, e'er the daylight breaks, I clasp Thy
hand
And trust myself to Thee.

Emma E. Marean.

WATER LILIES.

Upon the surface of the river lie
White water lilies; left to drift they seem,
Yet changing winds and currents they
defy.

So may my faith, deep-rooted, rest secure
Upon the surface of life's running stream,
And every change of circumstance en-
dure.

Wm. S. Lord.

VICTORY THROUGH SUFFERING.

The breeze that over Calvary blew,
And caught the Sufferer's tender prayer
Still breathes and echoes in the air,
"Forgive! they know not what they do!"

Who then will say that men should mourn,
And mourn as one without a hope,
When, falling on the upward slope,
They seem like dead leaves downward borne?

Who constant mount are not the men
Who know the nobleness of life;
But they who beauty learn through strife,
And they who fall to rise again.

James H. West.

CHRIST "REJECTED."

Nay, not rejected—but undeified.
The miracle left out of my belief,
I find him greater comfort in my grief,
And bring him even closer to my side.

Since He was mortal, even as am I,
And yet so God-like, may not I control
My earthly nature, and lift up my soul
To Christ's own perfect standard, if I try?

I hold that He stands nearer to all men
And fills a higher and more useful place
Than when He wore a supernatural grace.
"What man has done, that man may do again."

Say not that I reject Him. He is mine—
My spirit-guide, my counsel, and my brother—
Nearer to me, by far, than any other.
A mortal man? Yes, in his life divine.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

IN HIM.

Though the bee
Miss the clover,
Fly it by and know it not;
Though the sea
Wash not over
On the sands a wounded spot;
Heart, O heart!
Thou wilt part
From the All-hold on thee, and lose thy way,
Never, never;
Nor wilt sever
Thy sweet life from the life of night and day.
Thou in him
Liest as dim
As yellow wings in golden atmosphere,
Or in the sea each watery spiritual sphere.

James Vila Blake.

A PRAYER.

Our Father, thou strange unknown All in all,
Thou Source and Light and Life of all that is,
To Thee we men and women would lift up
Our hearts, our souls, ourselves. We would become
More sweet, more brave, more true, we would inspire
Our souls with loftier purposes and aims,
Our hearts with tenderer love and charity.
Like mountain birds who soar o'er highest peaks,
So we would soar above this sensuous life,
Up, up to Thee.

Nay! nay!
Hear not that prayer, O loving Father God;
But, like the living Gods—Thy sons—we are,
May we have sight to see, in sensuous life,
Thyself, ourselves, the wondrous, strange, Divine.
May our sealed eyes unclose, and in all life,
In flower and tree, in bird and grazing kine,
Yea! in the very stones beneath our feet,
May we behold the Deep Inscrutable.

O God, O Allah, Father, Mother-soul,
More faith in Thee and in Thy sons we crave;
More trust and peace and sweet security
Of loving children, wrapped in loving arms.
Our souls forget Thy presence; think of Thee
As far away, unknown, almost unreal.
We would tear off this veil; we would be sure

That Thou art now and here and everywhere,
And aught but Thee is not.

"Unknown?" Aye! so,
All, all unknown; yet that *Thou art* we know.
Yea! God, within ourselves, within our souls,
We feel Thy quickening Life. And freer way
And purer air and clearer, fuller light
For that Divine, uplifting God within,
We would obtain.

Thus men and women we,
Close held within Thyself, unto Thyself,
And for Thyself do pray.

Edwin G. Brown.

I AM SO WEAK.

Father, I am so weak!
  Let me Thy presence feel,
Take now my tired hands in Thine
  And bless me as I kneel.

Renew my failing strength,
  And teach me how to rise,
And, bearing all my heavy load,
  To seek thy bluer skies.

Let me not wait nor stay,
  Nor to the past return,
But kindle still my fainting heart
  With zeal anew to burn,

Till I shall see Thy love
  In every cross I bear;
And, keeping close my hands in Thine,
  Shall trust Thee everywhere.

J. E. McCaine.

PAIN.

Pain came at nightfall, and she stayed till
morn.
Her brow was heavy and her eyes were
wet
And resolute. Her tender lips were set;
She came and had no word, but was
forlorn,
This child of earth—earth's loveliest, earli-
est born.
Along her path no wistful violet—
The winds were out with sighing moan
and fret—
Her drooping form spoke man's embittered
scorn.
And still she crossed the threshold at the
fall
Of night, and stayed until the dawn's red
rose

Bloomed in the east, and, at the blithe
gay call
Of larks uprising, swift she went away,
But left behind her, odorous as the May,
A lasting peace, that from her sombre
clothes
Fell, like a star, and brought eternal day.

Fanny Driscoll.

"REMISSION."

There is no "sins' remission" granted men.
The place we lose we can regain—in time.
Not God himself can lift us back again
Unto the height we left, until we climb.

There is no swift repentence can retrieve
A violated principle. No tears
Can cleanse our stains, no crying "I believe,"—
Nay, we must *wear them out* by earnest years.

For each descent from fair truth's lofty way,
For each gross pleasure which delays the soul,

By that soul's gloom and loneliness we pay,
And by the retarded journey to its goal.

We can go back, we can regain the height,
But not by sudden leaps; our souls are strong,
And countless forces help us to do right
When once we weary of the ways of wrong.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE CHILDREN'S SERVICE.

From the German of Karl Gerok.

The church-bells for service are ringing,
The father and mother have gone;
And three little golden-haired children
Are left in the door-way alone.

For these are too young for the meeting—
The busy and frolicsome elves—
So they think to praise God like their elders
With a holy-time all by themselves!

Each one a big volume has taken
And holds it top-down 'gainst the breast;
Forthwith the devout little mimics
Sing out in their loudest and best!

They know not themselves what they're
singing,
And each takes a tune of his own:—
Sing on, O ye children, your voices
Are heard at the heavenly throne!

And there stand your angels in glory,
While songs to the Father they raise,
Who out of the mouths of the children
Hath perfected worship and praise.

Sing on; over there in the garden
There singeth an answering choir;
'Tis the brood of light-hearted birdlings,
That chirp in the bloom-laden brier.

Sing on; there is trust in your music—
The Father, he asks not for more;
Quick flieth the heart that is sinless
Like a dove to the heavenly door.

Sing on; we sing who are older,
Yet little we, too, understand;
And our Bibles, how often we hold them
The bottom-side up in our hand!

Sing on; in the songs of our service
We follow each note of the card;

But alas. in our strife with each other
How oft is the melody marred!

Sing on; for earth's loftiest music
Though ever so fine and so clear,
What is it? The lisping of children—
A breath in the Infinite ear.

F. L. Hosmer.

PATIENCE.

All are weak and all are strong;
Patience righteth every wrong.
All good things the will must task,
All achievement patience ask.
Chiefly with each other's weakness
Need we patience, love and meekness.
Who takes ill another's ill
Beareth two loads up the hill.

James Vila Blake.

ONE WOMAN'S WORK.

"Who having little, yet hath all."

A narrow sphere—how can you call it so?
Three pairs of baby eyes look up in mine,
And seem the gates through which a light divine
Transfigures all my life with tenderest glow.

Because I cannot paint with artist skill
The changing colors of the sea and sky;
Because I cannot write of visions high
And move you all with pain or joy at will;

Because to Learning's shrine no gifts I bring,
Nor take a foremost stand for woman's cause;
Because I trust unquestioning the laws
Which bring us snow in winter, birds in spring,—

You think my life is circumscribed and cold
In what should make it helpful, rich and strong.
Ah, friend—these happy days are none too long
For all the loving duties that they hold.

Nor has the art you love been all denied,
For loveliest pictures every day I see
In childhood's careless grace and movements free,
From waking morn till dreamy eventide.

My Edith's braids, now brown, now golden bright,
Imprison tints no artist's brush has known;
The baby's deep blue eyes, which meet my own,
In living beauty mock all painted light.

Nor do you know, my friend, the critics bold
We story-tellers in our children find—
What store of wisdom and of wit combined
We need to point a moral new or old.

And in reforms are we not learning late
A still, small voice need not be all in vain?
These tiny hands may hold great future gain,
"They also serve who only stand and wait."

And what in science or philosophy
Can pass in interest a childish heart,
Feeling its upward way to take its part
For good or ill in Life's great mystery?

God help us mothers all to live aright,
And let our homes all truth and love enfold,
Feeling that life no loftier aims can hold
Than leading little children to the light.

Emma E. Marean.

IN TWOS.

Somewhere in the world there hide
Garden-gates that no one sees
Save they come in happy twos,—
Not in ones, nor yet in threes.

But from every maiden's door
Leads the pathway straight and true;
Maps and survey know it not,—
He who finds, finds room for two!

Then they see the garden-gates!
Never skies so blue as theirs,
Never flowers so many-sweet,
As for those who come in pairs.

Round and round the alleys wind:
Now a cradle bars the way,
Now a little mound, behind,—
So the two go through the day.

When no nook in all the lanes
But has heard a song or sigh,
Lo! another garden gate
Opens as the two go by.

In they wander, knowing not!
"Five and Twenty!" fills the air
With a silvery echo low,
All about the startled pair.

Happier yet *these* garden walks:
Closer, heart to heart, they lean;
Stiller, softer falls the light;
Few the twos, and far between.

Till, at last, as on they pass
Down the paths so well they know,
Once again at hidden gates
Stand the two: they enter slow.

Golden Gates of Fifty years,
May *our* two your latchet press!
Garden of the Sunset Land,
Hold their dearest happiness!

Then a quiet walk again;
Then a wicket in the wall:
Then one, stepping on alone,—
Then two at the Heart of All!

W. C. Gannett.

WOOING AND WEDDING.

WOOING.

At last I spoke. O faint and sweet
As a strain of distant song
Was the smile that just touched mouth and eyes,
As we two passed along
Through sun and shade of yonder glade,
Where early violets throng.
It's "O love, my true love,
And will you be my wife?
Love like mine for you, love,
Ends not even with life!"

A sigh, a glance, a rosy blush,
A softly whispered "Yes"—
And it seemed that all the joy of heaven
Came down my soul to bless,
In that first bliss of warm troth-kiss
When lips to fond lips press.
"And O love, my true love,

Be but true to me,
As I to you, love,
Evermore will be."

"Sweet, sweet, sweet!" the wild birds trilled,
A-building their tiny nest,
And "Sweet, sweet," the brown bee hummed
As it swung on a clover crest,
And "Sweet," sighed low a summer wind
As it swooned on the rose's breast.
And "O love, my true love,
Strong are Time and Death,
But love like mine for you, love,
They cannot change!"—he saith.

WEDDING.

The soul, as Eastern Legends tell,
Was once by Allah rent in twain,
Made male and female, sent to dwell
On earth: to taste of bliss and pain,

To know both liberty and law,
To love, to reason, to transgress—

To learn all lessons that should draw
It nearer Divine Perfectness.

To some—for He is good—'tis given
To find this kindred half below;
But other some, on this side heaven,
Only divided life may know.

In wedlock meeting, every soul
Its other self again doth find—
The rounded life, the perfect whole,
The image of the omniscient Mind.

And hand in hand the wedded pair
Go forth to till the Earth anew,
To make the home-place builded there
The Eden their first parents knew.

Helpmates—help-*meet* in every strife
To bear the burden laid on each.
The answer to the problem Life
Not one alone, but *two* may reach.

He learning of her moods at length
To temper still his harshest thought;
She finding in his quiet strength
The rest her weaker nature sought;

Bearing, forbearing, day by day
  Serving each other, strong to bless
And aid and comfort; so each may
  Learn the divine unselfishness.

The little jars, the petty strife,
  In love that casteth out reproach
Are lost at length: the higher life
  Their spirits step by step approach.

The two as one move ever—even
  As those the poet-mystic hailed,
When to his vision rapt the heaven
  Of wedded spirits was unveiled.

"I saw" (he saith) "an angel strong
  And bright, approaching; but anear,
When it alighted and erelong
  Rolled back the enfolding atmosphere,

"Behold! I saw beside me stand
  Not one, but *two*, the perfect whole,
The wedded spirit—hand in hand
  The Man-soul and the Woman-soul!"

Alice Williams Brotherton.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH.

Perhaps in all this cruel, changeful world
There may be some who hate this blessed day
Because it brought them terror and dismay,
Or from some seat of fortune found them hurled;
Or some, with joy's bright banner closely furled,
May keep the day in sadness, giving way
To grievous tears, that burn as deep today
As when from sorrow's source they first were whirled.

Oh, you who hate the day, and speak it ill,—
Be sure it brought a gem beyond all price;

And you who weep, uncomforted, be still,—
An angel came this day from paradise;
Upon this day my dearest love was born—
The rarest jewel day hath ever worn.

Wm. S. Lord.

HIS REVERIE.

We sit in the light of the dancing fire,
We two, shut in by the wind and the
weather
That shakes the elm-tree against the pane
And folds us two the closer together.

The light leaps up to the loops of hair
That touch her ear so daintily molded,
Or circles her throat in a fleet caress
And sinks to the hands serenely folded.

I watch the face that I know so well,
The face where my fortune and destiny
hover,
And the thoughts that arise in her dreamy
eyes
And curve her lips, I would fain discover.

So near, I can see the stir of the lace
That gently lifts at her heart's soft beat-
ing;

So dear, that, only there is no need,
My heart would forever one word be repeating.

Yet her soul knows a pathway that I cannot tread
To the mountains of thought lying high and lonely,
And yearn as I may she slips away
To a realm that is closed unto me—me only.

Though we sit in the light of the self-same fire,
While the storm folds us close and the wild wind is calling,
The light of the summit is on her brow
And I stand alone where the shadows are falling.

If I speak—I know her ways so well—
She will turn with a smile that has caught its sweetness
From the starry heights where her soul has fed,
And will lean to me in my incompleteness,

With a love that would draw me up to her
side;
Or, failing that, in a glad surrender
Would yield all part in a wealth unshared,
And joy in the self-abnegation tender.

Yet never be mine the hand to weld
The links, howe'er light, for her soul's
enslaving;
In loving at least I may reach her height,
Nor blot my best by a selfish craving.

I but clasp her hand in my own and wait
While her soul tries its wings, like a bird
upward yearning,
For I know that her heart will restore her
to me,
Like the bird to the love of its low nest
returning.

Lily A. Long.

THE WAYS OF LOVE.

From out a wintry sky did sudden gleam
Of sunshine reach a violet where it grew,
That grateful sprang to meet the tender beam;
Unfolding all her leaves of delicate hue,
And shedding perfume in a fragrant stream;
But ere her beauty opened to the view,
Descending clouds dispelled such blissful dream;
Nor ever more than that caress she knew.

And thus doth love awake the slumbering heart
To quick response; it opens like a flower
Whilst thousand aspirations yet unknown
Burst into life in one all tremulous hour.
They shall not die! but higher aims inspire,
And flow in noble deeds, though love hath flown.

Samuel Baxter Foster.

TO KATHERINE.

Oh, tender, trustful face and steady eyes,
The angels must have kissed thee in thy sleep,
And through the slow hours of the weary day
That gentle talisman thou still dost keep.

Through lowliest ways of life thou wanderest,
A Una, clothed in peace and patience sweet,
And lo, the darksome forest is thy friend,
And Discord crouches reverent at thy feet.

As shell within its tiny spiral holds
The everlasting murmur of the sea,
The music that controls the circling spheres
Finds room to round its harmony in thee.

Lily A. Long.

SURSUM CORDA.

Hast ever seen a lover die,
And witnessed then the sky
Beam upon his closing eye
Its utmost immortality?
I have—in dreams—and thus he died:
He took her hand and said,
"Heart's-dear, heart's-joy, heart's-pride,
Soon I shall be what men call dead;
And thou, sweet bosom-friend, wilt stand
beside,
And see me grow all white,
And a strange, wondrous light
Issue and hover; yea, and me,
Whom thou didst never grand or glorious
see,
Thou wilt behold filled with the majesty
Which death works in the face.
Come close down, close, into thy place,
Darling, upon my breast,

While I do speak to thee, my true, my
blest.
And now I tell thee, dear,
I do not nor I cannot fear:
For in God's world can be no change
That will be foreign, alien, strange
To the humblest of his creatures;
But everything will come with features
Familiar, half-known before, half-seen;
And to me, dying, death will be
What to me, living, life hath been—
All natural and sweet and good,
Like any simple habitude.
Even if I die to live no more,
'Twill be as waves break on the shore,
That knew not their full voice before,
And, while they think how blithe they
roar,
Sink back with music in the sea.
And yet, this more I say to thee,
My soul desires to live.
There are some who think it faith,
Some who call it strength,
When on this lovely earth
Life hath run out its length,
To say they care not whether death

Be continuance, like a birth,
Or a forgetting in an endless sleep.
But I count it deeper faith
Strongly to hold and wish to keep
The rich life God doth give.
Is it life that loves not living?
So far as life's glories thrill
In my reason, in my will,
So far as my soul is health
To feel the greatness and the wealth
Of life's rapture, having, giving;—
So far doth a holy fire
Flame up in me with desire,
And seize on everlastingness.
I cannot reckon any less
God's living gift of blessedness.
And this more I say: if me
All life's other wealth could give
No high desire, still I would wish to live
For the greatness of loving thee.
Bend close, dear, close, and on the tide
Thou wilt, a little way, go by my side."
Thus—in my dream—a lover died.

James Vila Blake.

VINETA.

From the German of Wilhelm Mueller.

From the still mysterious depths of ocean
Vesper bells are ringing sweet and low,
Bringing to us tidings from the city
Sunk beneath the waters long ago.

Quaint and lovely lies the city hidden
Underneath the waves which guard its walls—
Only sometimes comes a golden shimmer
Of reflected light from castle halls.

And the boatman, who at early evening
Once has caught that gleam of magic light,
Rows his skiff around the spot forever,
Though the cliffs above frown dark as night.

From my heart's mysterious undercurrent
Comes a silver chiming sweet and low,
And it seems to bring me tender greetings
From the love who loved me long ago.

An enchanted world lies hid forever
Underneath my life's dull ebb and flow,
Only sometimes comes like light from heaven
To my dreams this faint reflected glow.

And I long to sink beneath the waters—
Lose myself in that reflection bright,
For it seems as if the angels called me
Back into that world of love and light.

Emma E. Marean.

LOVE.

A word went forth upon the summer wind
Melodious falling on the dewy air,
As pure as early snowdrop, and as fair—
A benediction to our human kind.
Deep-sounding through the ages we shall find
This word bring consolation everywhere—
A subtle charm for sorrow or dull care;
The clouds become indeed all silver-lined!

Thrice blessèd be the zephyr that has brought
Such tidings from the far-off secret realm—
A message linking earth to heaven above.
Our life-ship cannot wreck with this sweet thought—
This gleaming talisman upon its helm:
O sweet and low the morning wind said—Love.

Samuel Baxter Foster.

ASTER AND GOLDENROD.

Aster looks with purple eyes
  Upward, shy and sweet;
Goldenrod, with kingly mien,
  Calm and gracious and serene,
Smiles upon her as she leans
  To his royal feet.

Smoke has wreathed the autumn hills,
  Hazy, dreaming, dim;
Amber glory fills the hollows,
  To the southward fly the swallows,
Lazy butterfly, slow, follows
  O'er the slumb'rous rim.

Aster, with her loving eyes,
  Cares not for the dying
Of the languid Indian days—
  Of the grand triumphal blaze
In the mystic woodland ways
  Where the bees are flying.

For her King doth love her well,
  Tenderly and deep;
Gives her golden crown and throne,
  Sceptre, kingdom, for her own—
Then with kisses, they, alone,
  Fall on happy sleep.

Fanny Driscoll.

THE CATHEDRAL.

Shelf over shelf the mountain rose;
And, as we climbed, they seemed the stair
That scales a minster's wall to seek
Some high-hid cell of prayer.

And every stair was carpeted
With mosses soft of grey and green,
Where gold and crimson arabesques
Trailed in and out between.

Up, up, o'er ferny pavements still
And dim mosaics of the wood,
The rocky terraces we trod,
Till on the heights we stood.

About the ancient mountain-walls
The silent wildernesses clung;
In solemn frescoes, moving slow,
The clouds their shadows flung.

Along the valley far below,
The shimmer of a forest-floor,—
A leafy brightness, like the sea
Wide twinkling o'er and o'er.

Niched in the mighty minster, we,
Beneath the dome of radiant blue:
Cathedral-hush on every side,
And worship breathing through!

There came wild music on the winds,
The chanting of the forest choir
Shaken across the rangèd hills
As over a chorded lyre.

Then pauses as for quiet prayer;
And lulls in which the listeners heard
Home-voices speak, and faces neared
Swifter than any bird.

Of Strength Eternal, by whose will
The hills their steadfast places keep,
Whose Right is like the mountains high,
Whose Judgments are a deep,—

In grand old Bible verse we spoke:
And following close, like echoes, sped
The poems best beloved. The words
Along the silence fled.

The Silence, awful living Word,
Behind all sound, behind all thought,
Whose speech is Nature-yet-to-be,
The Poem yet unwrought!

To us it spake within the soul,
Through sense all strangely blent with sense;
The vision took majestic rhythm—
We *heard* the firmaments!

And listened, time and space forgot,
As flowed the lesson for the day,—
"Order is Beauty; Law is Love;
Childlike his worlds obey."

And all the heaven seemed bending down
Above the shining earth's sweet face,
Till in our hearts they touched: we felt
The thrill of their embrace.

Then, in its peace, we wandered down
Our rocky stair-case from the height:
On dim mosaics of the wood
We met the climbing Night.

W. C. Gannett.

SUNDAY ON "BALD CAP," SHELBORNE,
SEPT., 1876.

ON THE MOUNT.

Not always on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be;
The shores of thought and feeling know
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

Lord, it is good abiding here—
We cry, the heavenly presence near:
The vision vanishes, our eyes
Are lifted into vacant skies!

Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power,
And in its strength through weary days
We travel our appointed ways.

The mount for vision,—but below
The paths of daily duty go,
Wherein a nobler life shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

F. L. Hosmer.

MOODS.

Darkly now the waters flow
Through life's river, sad and slow;
Clouds of doubt and gloomy dread
Lie reflected in its bed.
All my hopes before me flee;
Life's success is not for me;
Writ, in colors of despair,
Failure, failure, everywhere.

Away! away with care!
I mount! I fly!
On unseen wings I reach the upper air;
The soul within me sings:—
I am one with all beautiful things
In the earth and the sky;
One with the stars that glow,
With the ocean's ebb and flow
Mingled am I;
One with the flood divine,

Flowing through the heart of time,
Filling the whole;
Shaping the rolling spheres,
Molding through countless years
Each human soul;
Nothing can do me harm
While the eternal arm
Holds me secure;
All else may pass away,
Fade with the fading day,
Love shall endure.

J. E. McCaine.

REVERIE.

A lulling plash upon my senses falls;
The day is almost done, and twilight near;
The sunshine streams across the orchard walls
Upon the silver lake that flashes clear.

My boat is moored against the dusk green shore,
And rocks with every wind that touches it;
Across the waves two sea-gulls dip and soar,
And then into the dim blue distance flit.

A ripple, and a murmur, and a gleam,
A soft pale-azure cloud, and golden haze—
Thus do I close the summer with a dream—
Thus do I crown with dreams the dying days.

Fanny Driscoll.

A WINDOW PICTURE.

Set in my window's oaken frame
  Is a picture learned when my years were few,
Dear it has grown, as my eyes have gazed
  On it, and on it, the long years through.
A glimpse of sea with a rocky shore,
  And a light-house, looming high and grand,
In dim perspective hills of blue,
  And autumn woods upon either hand.

Over it all a cloud-flecked sky,
  Where light and shadow alternate reign,
And a tangled garden close at hand,
  Untended, save by the sun and rain.
I have seen the picture these many years,—
  It is ever and never the very same,
On no two days lies the light alike,
  It shifts and changes, like thought or flame.

But to-day within its oaken frame
Lies a Claude Lorraine of rarest hues,
Mellowed, as if by time's cool touch,
The glowing colors they interfuse.
For a haze rests on the hills of blue,
And a film is over the waters spread,
And the purple glooms of the distant woods
Are soft with a thought of the summer sped.

Over the pomp of the autumn woods,
The roadside's sumach and goldenrod,
The garden's masses of aster and phlox,
The ripening glories of tree and sod,
A mellowing veil has been lightly laid,
And the picture softened, subdued, now seems
Fair as the visions of saints and seers
In their Apocalyptic dreams.

Autumn glories of earth and air!
Mists that encircle a thousand hills!
Distance that beckons, and distance that lures!
Soul of the solitude! Being that fills

All of the earth with thy presence and
power,
To my spirit at last is given the clew,
Thou art the glory we never could name,
Thou art the Beauty we worshipped nor
knew.

Hattie Tyng Griswold.

SHADOWS.

Over the meadow of bending grass
Hurry the sunset shadows fleet;
Lightly they scale the garden wall,
They cling to the sunflowers, straight and tall,
And cradle the clovers at their feet.

They capture the roses, heavy with sleep,
They fling all the banners of Evening free,
They chase the last sunbeams among the trees
As, slowly retreating, the Daylight flees,
And troop from the West over wold and lea.

They peep through the panes of the farmhouse old,
And dance in a weary woman's eyes;

But, like the man the Pilgrim found,
She evermore bends to rake the ground,
Blind to the glories of sunset skies.

They fly to the field where the farmer binds
The heavy grain through the summer day.
By the creed of toil he shapes his life;
What cares he for the merry strife
Of idle shadows that dare to play?

They climb the hill to the churchyard lone
Where ever and ever the soft winds pass,
Where the skies bend low on summer eves,
And the still dews fall, and the shadows of leaves
Weave their mystical runes on the grass.

And the simple beauty the living scorned
Enfolds the dead, whose day is done,

Rebuking with silent eloquence
The careless blindness of soul and sense
That shut life's windows against the sun.

Oh, the lives that drag through threescore years
And come to the end with empty hands!
Oh, the days that come and the days that go,
The suns that rise and the winds that blow,
Waste as the rain on desert sands!

The night comes down over farm and hill,
Gathering all to its tender breast,
And while the steadfast stars on high
Lean and look from the brooding sky,
It hushes the weary world to rest.

Lily A. Long.

POEM AND DOGMA.

'Twas Schliemann back from Troy,
With relics bronze and gold:
Where other eyes saw violets,
His saw the city old.

And, fondling a brown skull,—
"My learned friend," said he,
"Tells me that this a maiden's was,
In Troy beyond the sea;

"And from these angles here
Of brow and cheek-bone fine,
He judges that my maiden was
A creature quite divine."

"Ah, yes!" he added low,
"Virchow was right just there,
For *all* the maidens of old Troy
Were beautiful and rare!"

By summer chance we met,
And sat in chatting mood:
One said, "How noble Jesus' word
In that Beatitude!"

"Ah, yes!" chimed in a friend,
"You speak it truly there,
For *all* that Jesus said or was,
Was right beyond compare."

"And Paul," said one, "was wrong;
How far from light he trod!"—
"But then you know," my lady chirped,
"'Tis *all* the Word of God!"

The artlessness the same!
But why should tears half-start
Over the fabled beauty gone,—
Poem of German heart;

While, with half-angry thought,
I smile away the *creed*
Of fabled beauty they would fain
Persuade me that I need?

Angry! who know their creeds
  Were poems too,—that died;
That all the world's old dogmas are
  Its poems petrified!

W. C. Gannett.

1881.

A DAY IN SPRING.

What a charm
Does this calm and holy sunshine
Give the farm.

In the yard
There are patches with the grass-flower
Lightly starred.

Dandelions
Greet again these spared and aged
Forest scions.

Downcast, here
In a group the violets
Reappear.

From the bough
Sails the falling petal, peaked
Like a prow.

Yonder swings
Home so small, it seems a yielding
Twig that sings.

Hark! the breeze
Of the life immortal whispers
To the trees.

In the field
Gains that man an honest title
To its yield.

As a pearl,
Priceless is his sweet, pure hearted
Little girl.

Full of joy,
Like the oak tree in an acorn
Is his boy.

Who can know
With what joy the mother passes
To and fro!

Day descends
And the earthly into heavenly
Melts and blends.

How content
Lies the farm 'neath God's o'er-spreading
Firmament.

Minnie S. Savage.

TREES.

How helpful to my life are forest trees!
Their beauty charms me, while their strength sustains
My weakness, and to be a day with them
Is as a sweet communion-day with God.
How like a strong man stands the sturdy oak,
Mightier than all his fellows; yet he seems
To boast not strength inherited, so much
As from fierce battling with the elements,
Relying not on Providence alone,
But on himself, remembering the past,
And how from feebleness he grew to strength.
Was ever king in purple and in gold
So grand as they in autumn's coloring?
A most inspiring lesson to my life
Their beauty teaches. In it I behold

A type of what this human life should be
When the end cometh.
Faces I have seen
Which speak to me, e'en as these autumn leaves,
Of a rich harvest safely garnered in.
Would autumn leaves be just as richly dyed,
Did only sunshine and warm summer showers
Fall on them, and the dreary days come not?
But e'en as glory of the king may fade,
Or he be robbed of all his rich attire,
So fade and pass away their glories all,
While ever and anon the drear winds sigh
A requiem of sadness. Yet above
The dead leaves rustling do the days go on,
And spring-time gladness will return again.
O, in their hours of calm do trees not dream
Of the bright days to come of bud and bloom?

Thus do they speak to me, and seem to teach

The wondrous mystery of life and death.
The first spring dandelion's bloom is more
To me than all the written word; it speaks
Directly to the soul, and seems to be
The voice of God. It is a thing of life,
And what can better solve the mystery?
It is a proof of promises fulfilled,
And bids us trust unfalteringly, when
Again the dead leaves rustle 'neath our feet,
And the cold snow shall cover all we love.

O God, so many paths lead unto thee
'Twere strange if any soul should miss the way.

Ella F. Stevens.

WHY ASK I MORE?

On topmost twig of a leafy tree
Sat a plain brown thrush, and cheerily
He chirped away, as if all that be
Were happy, content and free.

He had dined that day on living things:
On worm, and insect with buzzing wings
Unlike his own, but the *life* of these
Went out in the song's degrees.

Why sings the thrush in the world below
Thus happy and free, I may never know.—
True he feeds on worms; on living things;—
But this I may know, he sings!

I may not know how the bird *to be*
Glorifies all by its melody;—
Like offerings then, I may not bring—
Yet I know that bird will sing!

J. N. Sprigg.

QUINCY, NOV. 18, 1883.

SUNSET AFTER STORM.

"A little later, the whole atmosphere is full of golden mist, and the gates of Eden seem open in the West."—*John James Piatt, in "Pencilled Fly Leaves."*

The air is full of a golden mist,
And the gates of Eden open swing,
Where slanting sunbeams there in the West
Make a Jacob's ladder to which may cling
The soul of mortal that dares to climb
To Eternity from Time.

"Whether out of the spirit or in,
I know not," but in an hour like this
Surely it was, St. John the Divine
Beheld that wonderful vision of his,
Of a city which had no need of the sun
Since the Presence and light are one.

Sard and sapphire and chalcedon,—
  See them piling up there in the West,
The broad foundations, stone upon stone—
  Topaz and beryl and amethyst;
Up this golden stair did we dare to go,
    We should reach the city, I know.

Soul of mine, why hunger and wait?
  There—is no sorrow of death, no night.
The light is fading. Too late! too late!
  The radiant vision is veiled from sight.
But—we shall climb that stair at last
    When the storm of life is past.

Alice Williams Brotherton.

SAILING BY MOONLIGHT.

Gently, O moon, we keep your wake,
  Drifting upon the wondrous tide,
  Splendor around us near and wide,
Wavelets that ever newly take
    Your messages of light.

Fair transformations greet your rays;
  Silver is now the boat's white wing;
  Radiance like some old saint's ring
Crowns upturned faces while we gaze;
    We too have caught your light.

Peace such as blesses life serene!
  Brightness, like joys that overflow!
  Does even a heavenly angel know
Bliss more complete, or holier scene?
    We say, "'Tis heaven to-night!"

Ay, heaven indeed! 'Tis not too soon
While here on earth, to feel the thrill,—
Pulses harmonious,—of God's will
Throughout the universe. O moon,
Our *souls* receive your light!
Harriet S. Tolman.

BEACON-LIGHTS.

The brilliant beacon-lights that bound the shore
Guide safe the storm-tossed mariner to port:
What matter, green or gold, or tall or short?
What matter, shown from rock, or bluff, or tower?
He questions not their color, size or power,
But heeds their warning with his every thought:
He heeds their warning, and the ship is brought
To home and harbor in a happy hour.

Along the headlands of life's turbulent sea
Aye gleam undimmed the guiding lights of Love!

What matter, Jew, Greek, Christian, if the Light
Be followed faithfully?—It then shall be
A Guiding Light indeed, to Ports above:
A pillar of cloud by day, of fire by night.

James H. West.

LILIES.

Like pure white virgins clad in robes of snow,
Holding up vestal lamps of shining gold—
Standing up, stately, in the sunlight's glow,
With pale, sweet brows untouched by time or woe,—
Ye are the dreams that never can grow old.

Like martyred saints of the sad faded past,
Gleaming out, whitely, on stained sacred pane
Of some worn chancel—standing tall and still,
With maiden hearts unknown of passion's thrill,
Hallowed and pure—ye are the angels' strain.

Fanny Driscoll.

EPIGÆA.

With baby breath and baby flush,
The firstling of the year,
Baptized in glory from the skies,
Is born our Epigæa.

Pink as the hues of morning are,
Pure as the early dew,
Fresh as the faith in earthly love
That happy childhood knew,—

Our blushing flower, our woodland pet,
Pressed close to earth's fond breast,
Then passed from loving hand to hand
Like babies newly dressed.

Oh, darlings hiding in the woods,
We've learned your shy, soft ways,
And tracked your sweet trail in the leaves,
Faithful through all the Mays.

Sweet little kinsfolk, to our lives
  Your tenderer life appeals,
Stirs the deep current of our thoughts,
  And hidden grace reveals.

That Power which, through the wintry storms,
  Keeps such surprise in store,
Midst life's thick fallen leaves may hide
  Glories undreamed before.

Mrs. E. C. Potter.

SUMMER CHEMISTRY.

What does it take
A day to make,—
A day at the Bear Camp Ossipee?

White clouds a-sail in the shining blue,
With shadows dropt to dredge the lands;
A mountain-wind, and a marching storm,
And a sound in the trees like waves on sands;
A mist to soften the shaggy side
Of the great green hill, till it lies as dim
As the hills in a childhood memory;
The back of an upland pasture steep,
With delicate fern-beds notching wide
The dark wood-line, where the birches keep
Candlemas all the summer-tide;
The crags and the ledges silver-chased
Where yesterday's rainy runlets raced;

Brown-flashing across the meadows bright
The stream that gems their malachite;
And, watching his valley, Chocorua grim!
And a golden sunset watching him!

Add fifty lives of young and old,
Of tired and sad, of strong and bold,
And every heart a deeper sea
Than its own owner dreams can be;
Add eyes whose glances have the law
Of coursing planets in their draw;
Add careless hands that touch and part,—
And hands that greet with a heaven's sense;
Add little children in their glee
Uprunning to a mother's knee,
Their earliest altar; add her heart,
Their feeble, brooding Providence:—

Add this to that, and thou shalt see
What goes to summer-chemistry,—
What the God takes
Each time he makes
One summer-day at Ossipee.

W. C. Gannett.

BEAR CAMP RIVER HOUSE, West OSSIPEE,
AUGUST, 1877.

COMPENSATION.

The wind blows up from the sea,
And touches the waiting leaves,
And bathes the toiler's brow
As he binds his ripened sheaves.

The pulse of the wind is cool,
The breath of the wind is sweet;
So sweet to the toiler's heart
That it compensates for the heat.

The limbs of work drag slow
Through the long day's tiresome sweep;
But he finds, what the idler seeks,
The balm of the blessèd sleep.

The maiden loves in her youth,
But false is her trusted friend;
She weeps sad tears, and dreams
That she shall weep to the end.

But out of her woe is born
A mind more sweet, more rare,
Than the world has ever seen
When all of the days were fair.

The preacher preaches in vain,
Not a soul will come at his call,
But his heart grows humble and poor,
And that is the best of all.

And after many a day,
When his life is changed to the root,
Some other soul he shall win,
And bear it to God as his fruit.

The statesman labors and strives
For a helpless people's cause,
But blindly they choose the wrong,
And defeat his righteous laws.

But out of its loss and pain
A nation will learn at length,
And the might of a people is more
Than the strongest statesman's
strength.

And though his thought may rise
To the heights no soul hath trod,
Though lonely evermore,
He is lonely like a God.

And the martyr of to-day
Is the saint of the future years,
And his greatest good shall spring
From out the crypt of his tears.

The poet weeps through the night,
And deems that the night is long,
But in the morn his tears have all
Been crystallized into song.

And the song goes forth in the land,
And tells it of truth and trust,
And all that is best of life,
Long after the poet is dust.

Hattie Tyng Griswold.

A CERTAIN HAREBELL.

Sheer and straight to the water's edge
Fell the precipitous granite ledge.
Torn by the earthquake from its bed,
Worn by the glacier's heavy tread,
And by the torrents polished,
Proudly it bore the seams and scars
Won in a by-gone age of wars;
Stern the defiance you still might trace
Cut in the lines of its frozen face.

Yet from a rent in the granite gray—
Just where a cloud-bolt has torn its way,—
A harebell, blue as the June-day sky,
Bent to the river fleeting by.

Think you the flower ever dreamed of the
banks
Where its shy sisterhood grew, and in
ranks,

Maidenhair, fern-fronds and mosses low?
Could it have tired of the river's flow,
Placidly slipping and sliding by,
And, cloud or star-strewn, the far-off sky,
And nothing living? Say who will;
It clung to the rock and blossomed still.

And what did the grim old granite think
When out there grew, from its splintered chink,
That delicate spirit of dew and light?
Did it learn that, e'en after its hard-won fight,
Something was wanting to crown the whole,
And there, in the harebell, find its soul?

Lily A. Long.

MY SONG AND MY SOUL.

My song and my soul are one, to-day;
To-morrow, my song is flown;
Or out of its reach, if it should stay,
My pressing soul has grown.

Then where,—in the air, or on the earth,
Shall I find my bird or flower?
And what is its word, or what its worth
Beyond the passing hour?

'Tis not for its fragile, fairy form
I tenderly love my song;
An olive is borne far o'er the storm
Whose flood beats wild and strong,

I wait for the sign to reach my hand,
And quiet my restless heart;
I list for a voice at whose command
These depths shall draw apart.

Minnie S. Savage.

Feb. 2, 1881.

REFRACTED LIGHTS.

The evening star that softly sheds
  Its tender light on me,
Hath other place in the heavenly blue
  Than that I seem to see.

Too faint and slender is that beam
  To keep its pathway true,
In the vast space of cloud and mist
  It seeks an exit through.

Nor light of star, nor truth of God,
  Through earth-born clouds and doubt,
Can straightway pierce the hearts of men
  And drive the darkness out.

On bent, misshapen lines of faith
  We backward strive to trace
The love and glory that we ne'er
  Could look on face to face.

Each fails, through dim and wandering
sight,
The vision whole to see,
But none are there so poor and blind
But catch some glimpse of Thee,—

Some knowledge of the better way,
And of that life divine,
Of which our yearning hope is both
The prophecy and sign.

Celia P. Woolley.

"NOT ALL THERE."

"The innocents, of whom the Scotch say, 'They are not all there.'"

Something short in the making,
Something lost on the way,
As the little Soul was taking
Its path to the break of Day!

Only his mood or passion,
But it twitched an atom back;
And she, for her gods of fashion,
Filched from the pilgrim's pack.

The Father did not mean it,
The Mother did not know,
No human eye had seen it,—
But the little Soul needed it so!

Through the street there passed a cripple,
  Maimed from before its birth ;
On the strange face gleamed a ripple
  Like a half-dawn on the earth.

It passed,—and it awed the city,
  As one not live nor dead ;
Eyes looked, and brimmed with pity,—
  "He is not all there," they said.

Not all ! for part is behind it,
  Lying dropt on the way :
That part, could two but find it,
  Would welcome the end of Day !

W. C. Gannett.

JOY.

I have learned to love joy, not for joy's
sake alone,
But because of the sorrows its contrasts
have shown.
Wherever the sunlight falls brightest, the
shade
Slants longest and farthest. O I am
afraid
To love joy for joy's sake!—and I only
will ask
In its rapture and radiance and glory to
bask
Until my soul glows with such warm
sympathy
That some who are joyless may joy find
in me.

Ella A. Giles.

THE VALUE OF GIFTS.

I have learned to prize love, not for love's
happiness,
But because when it comes my own glad
heart to bless
With its sweet, subtile perfume, its tropical
heat,
I am stronger life's labors and duties to
meet.
Withhold from me love and I care not to
live—
For when 'tis denied me I have less to
give
To the lonely and loveless. So all gifts
I prize
As they broaden and deepen my soul's
sympathies.

Ella A. Giles.

CHEER!

"The faithful are few,"
A young man said,
With drooping head;
"And men are many,
And hard for any
It is the right to do."

"Turn the words about,"
An old man said,
And lifted up his head,
And from his eyes shone out
A holy light and true:
"The faithful are few,
Say not; but rather, a few
Are faithful; and so be you!
For men are many,
And strength for any
There is the right to do."

James Vila Blake.

HEROISM.

We honor all the conquerors of old
Whose patient courage won such glorious fame
That ever since their deeds have been retold,
And laurels wreathed around each deathless name.
We live again through all their anxious days
And heartsick, sleepless nights with danger near,
Before tormenting blame had turned to praise,
And bright success had yielded honors dear.

And yet I think the angels, who aright
Can estimate each pain and know the cost,

Look down on just such noble souls to-
night,
Who stand for right, though faint and
tempest-tossed,
And crown them heroes too in heavenly
sight,
Although their names may be forever lost.

Emma E. Marean.

FREEDOM.

I do recall a time when I was free,
Or seemed it so unto my youthful will,
What time as yet Philosophy was still,
And mystery no question had for me;
A very monarch seemed I then to be,—
The while I sped adown the snowy hill,
Or vied in boyhood's sunny pleasures—till
I tasted knowledge, when I found her tree.
But now I am to thousand masters slave,
And myriad voices bid me come and go;
Still He who life's mysterious burden gave,
Destroyed my fancied freedom, but to show
That the sweet *liberty* I deepest crave
Only in perfect *service* can I know.

B. R. Bulkeley.

BRONTÉ.

Triad of noble hearts and nobler minds!
Needs not the worker of these happier years
Think on their yearnings, trials, bitter tears,
Their fond hopes long delayed till outlet finds
Their best and bravest, and the dull world blinds
With blaze of genius towering o'er its fears;
The Spring holds all the bounteous Summer wears;
In thought bloom buds despoiled by cruel winds;
And oh! when glows the heart with purpose high,
When work the human hands unfalteringly,

How regal grows the example to the race!
"Too brief their span," though loitering
age may cry,
Call not their brave young lives a
tragedy,
Where Will hath won, Death wears a
beauteous face.

Abbie M. Gannett.

GEORGE ELIOT.

On reading a Sonnet in "The Critic" so entitled.

Linger, O world, above her place of rest,
And muse on one who nobly wrought for thee,
Who, pitying, saw thy pain and misery,
And toiling to relieve it, so was blest.
Brave was she, and her courage stands confessed;
For rare gifts nobly used, O brothers, see
Her life receive its praise of victory;
And you, her sisters, weep not that her breast,
Once warm for you, is silent 'neath the snow;
Your souls wrap in the strength of her calm thought,

Her keen, clear vision follow to the right;
Tears are for those from work unwrought who go,
Or who for good have only evil brought,
Never for those who toil in Truth's own light!

Abbie M. Gannett.

INTEGER VITÆ.

Pure in heart and free of sin,
Upright in thy daily path;
Fair without and true within,
Free from anger, safe from wrath.

Mighty in thy silent power
Of great virtue over wrong;
Beautifying every hour
By thy bearing, brave and strong:

By thy mercy to the weak;
By thy justice to the low;
By thy grace unto the meek;
By thy kindness to thy foe.

Thou art free from passion's rage,
Thou art free from envy's sting,
Thou canst others' griefs assuage,
Canst to others comfort bring.

Peace and rest are in thy soul,
Bringing joy into thy life,
Outward storms around thee roll,
But they bring no inward strife.

And a sinner, tired and worn,
Weary of his life, at length
Findeth in thy words new hope—
Findeth courage in thy strength.

Florence Tyng Griswold.

THE MINISTER'S JOURNEY.

To J. W. C., Dec. 19, 1884.

Not to the lanes of England,
  Cathedral-aisles of France,
Nor up the mountain-hollows
  Where Alpine torrents glance;

Nor in the storied cities
  And old highways of life,
Where shadowy generations
  Have passed in song and strife;

Where Raphael hath painted,
  Or Socrates was born,
Or prophets once were cradled
  In some Nazareth of scorn;

But on a more wonderful journey
  Than any the pilgrims know
Our traveler has been roving,—
  The book in his heart can show.

He has voyaged with all the Captains
  Who sailed the seas of thought,
Daring with them the tempest,
  Hailing with them the port.

And many a dreamer's island
  Has added to his lore
The hope that made it Patmos,—
  One Heavenly Vision more.

In lands men deemed unholy
  He gleaned from every clod;
Some treasure-trove reporting
  Horizons new of God,

Till Heathenesse grew home-like,—
  While the traveller's tale was still
Of the Ceaseless Care whose presence
  Out-worketh good from ill.

And unto sacred places,
  The Palestines within,
By pathways of the Spirit,
  Our traveller hath been.

In still lanes of confession,
  In solemn aisles of prayer,

On Alps of high endeavor,—
We met him everywhere!

He knows the founts of laughter;
How psalms in mothers rise;
How purpose dawns in manhood,
And love in maiden eyes.

Along the silent beaches
That men call Birth and Death,
Rimming our fields of summer,
Giving us ocean-breath,

He paces as a watcher
Watching the tidal sweep,
And his greeting is full of music
Caught from the central deep.

The others see but Europe,
And go as feet may fare;
Our pilgrim, still outsailing,
Sees many an Outre-Mer!

W. C. Gannett.

DEDICATION HYMN.

O God! accept the gift we bring,—
This house of prayer at last complete;
Now as a grateful offering
We gladly lay it at Thy feet.

All was Thine own ere it was ours,
And since 'tis ours, 'tis Thine the more,
For we are Thine, and all our powers,—
O Thou, our Life, whom we adore!

Long be these walls a loving home,
Where rich and poor shall brothers be;
Where strife and envy may not come;
Where all may dwell in charity.

Long be this spot a sacred place,
Where burdened hearts shall meet to pray,
Look upward to a Father's face
And find their burdens melt away.

This church we dedicate to Light,—
To Light of Truth and Light of Love,
To Hope, to Faith, to Prayer, to Right,
To man on earth, to God above.

As shines the light-house by the sea
To guide the sailor on his way,
So may this church a beacon be
To light man onward toward the day.

Jabez T. Sunderland.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN,
Nov. 1, 1882.

DEFEAT.

We plan and plan when life is young,
And forward go to meet the years
Almost without a fear; we woo
The future; bright the way appears.

But still do plan and purpose fail,
Strength and occasion rarely meet,
And midway down life's western slope,
On everything we read—defeat.

And as man sees, defeat is true.
No life is rounded to its dream;
Each soul is slain; the Best is lost;
But shadows of ourselves we seem.

Yet do we gain, as still we lose;
And not impoverished by gifts,
Not felled by failure, nor appalled
By all we learn,—the curtain lifts

From the immeasurable years,
And side by side ourselves we see
As we are now, and would have been,
Slaves and in thrall,—divinely free.

And bitter is the burning thought
Of failure, to th' impassioned soul;
Drowned in the depths is sweet content,
Even over hope the billows roll.

But when that larger wisdom comes,
Toward which we grope with faltering
feet,
I think we may have grace to thank
God even for such sore defeat.

For of defeat, success is born,
And out of failure cometh strength,
The discipline, the courage grand,
That give proud victory at length,—

When loss grows greater gain, and joy
At last sits master, king, and lord,
That joy far nobler than we sought,
Living with God in fine accord.

On none write failure till they die,
Souls now advance, and now retreat,
Nor can there be while God exists
A real and absolute defeat.

Hattie Tyng Griswold.

THE NEW YEAR.

"Behold,"—in vision said
The Voice to John on Patmos—
"I make all things new!"
Vanish before his view
The earth and heavens old;
In splendor manifold
New heavens and earth appear
To the enraptured seer:
And lo! descending from the skies,
Fairer than storied paradise,
He saw the New Jerusalem,—
Apparelled as a bride
With gold and precious gem,—
And heard a Voice that cried:
"God's dwelling is with men,
"And He will wipe away all tears,
"And death shall be no more, nor pain;

"Passed are the things of former years:
"Behold, I make all things new!
"Write: for faithful are these words and true."

So speaks to thee, O heart,
As the swift years depart
The re-creating Voice.
Turn not in vain regret
To thy fond yesterdays,
But rather forward set
Thy face toward the untrodden ways.
Open thine eyes to see
The good in store for thee,—
New love, new thought, new service too
For Him who daily maketh thy life new.
Nor think thou aught is lost
Or left behind upon the silent coast
Of thy spent years;
Give o'er thy faithless fears.
Whate'er of real good—
Of thought, or deed, or holier mood—
Thy life hath known
Abideth still thine own,
And hath within significance
Of more than Time's inheritance.

Thy good is prophecy
Of better still to be,
In the future thou shalt find
How far the Fact hath left behind
Thy fondest Dreams; how deeper than all sense
Or thought of thine, thy life's sure Providence!

F. L. Hosmer.

THE PAST.

For us no past? Nay, what is present sweetness
But yesterdays dissolving in to-day?
No past? It flowers in every new completeness,
And scarce from eye and ear can hide away.

These berries, mottling blue the rocky hollow,
Still cluster with the blossom-trick of June:
The cloud-led shadows loiter there and follow
O'er crags sun-stained by centuries of noon:
Yon aged pine waves young defiant gesture
When hustling winds pant by in wild sea-mood:

The valley's grace in all its shining vesture,—
Ages have carved it from the solitude:
Low sings the stream in murmurs faint recalling
The chant of floods the solitude once heard;
And this wide quiet on the hill-tops falling
Made hush at eves that listener never stirred.

And as on *us* it falls, our laughter stilling,
Dim echoes cross it of all old delight!
The joy, along the soul's far reaches thrilling
To glory of the summer day and night,
Has been inwrought by many a summer-hour
Of past selves long forgot,—enrichment slow,
Attuning mind and heart with mystic power
To the fresh marvel of this sunset's glow.
I think we see our valley's brightness brighter

For faces that once brightened by our side;
The peace of the eternal mountains deepens
Since we have gazed on faces that have died.

For us no Past? Nay, what is present sweetness?
Dear yesterdays dissolving in to-day!
The Past—it flowers in every new completeness
Of thought, faith, hope; and so shall be for aye!

W. C. Gannett.

SUNSET ON "CROW NEST," SHELBURNE, AUGUST, 1875.

A ROUNDEL.

"Others he saved; himself he could not save."

The poet's heart breathed out a song so rare
Its rapture bade all earth-born cares depart.
Men thought they read, revealed in beauty there,
The poet's heart.

Its words held naught of earthly sting or smart,
But touched with healing comfort all despair;
In lonely lives it helped fresh blossoms start;

To many a troubled soul it seemed like
prayer ;
And no one dreamed how vain its utmost
art
To still the weary thoughts that filled
with care
The poet's heart.

Emma E. Marean.

A CONCLUSION.

Help us to bear the doubts we cannot
solve,
To keep a willing hand, a cheerful heart,
With which to bravely do our utmost
part,
To heal all wrong and sin ; to help dis-
solve,
Into high, trustful deed and pure resolve,
The restless yearnings of the troubled
heart,
Depressing fears, the doubts which burn
and smart.
Oh, weary thoughts that ceaselessly re-
volve
Within the tired brain, ye bring no rest
Of healing on the wings strained in the
quest
Of truth beyond all mortal ken below !

Then grant me just to do the present
good,
What I both can and may, not what I
would.
This, Lord, is all the prayer I make or
know.

Celia P. Woolley.

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